

THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY.

THE PRINCE OF PRETENSE

By STEPHEN CHALMERS
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CHAPTER V (Continued).

KILBY nodded absently. But what had this to do with him personally? "That's not all," continued Fitzwilliam. "How much Napoleon has to do with the rest I leave you to guess, as all England is guessing. Four days before Napoleon declared war on Russia—England's attention was attracted by a declaration of war on the part of the American rebels—called by courtesy, the United States of America. Nice little England's in—hey?—But you hinted that this something concerning me?" "Presently," said the major with a sneer. "Don't presume that Napoleon has any designs on you, personally. But I believe you are a soldier of His Majesty. The Cossack fox," he went on, unheeding the flush that overspread the captain's temples, "has laid his plans with his usual consummate cunning. His old ambition to wreck England is not dead. After Russia—England!" At present he is surrounding her with as many troubles as he can compass for her. The American authorities in Paris have worked hand in glove with Napoleon in this matter. America is annoying England on one side, and if information is correct, the Cossack has planned that a certain English peace will contribute more anxiety. "There will be trouble in Scotland. Somewhere, among the nobles and lords of nobility and royalty, hung down by the French revolution, Napoleon has unearthed a Stuart!" "My dear Fitzwilliam," said Kilby, without any gravity, "the thing is absurd on the face of it. There was no Stuart except the Jacobites. What of that?" "You know the Jacobites. If you don't know them, they were a stuffed effigy. If it was really Stuart, he would not be here to argue with anybody. I am making statements. Napoleon has found a man. He is in Scotland now, and is backed by all the men, horses, money and strategic cunning of the Emperor Napoleon!" For a full minute Captain Kilby stared at the major. He did not like this man, but liked and disliked were overwhelmed in the call of soldiering. And all at once his heart began to beat in excitement. "Why did you come here?" he asked. "To inquire," said Fitzwilliam, impatient at the question, deaf to the tone in which it was asked. "I shall proceed north inquiring at every town I wish to find the news before the news finds me. A rule which I commend to your respectful consideration." "Perhaps you came to the right place at the outset," said Kilby quietly. "Two nights ago a ship was driven on to the Antlers here—you know the reefs? There was only one survivor, and rumor says that he is a Stuart, or he may be a Stuart. Prince Charlie. Oddly enough, the man's name is said to be Charles Edward and Major Fitzwilliam spun around upon his junior, his eyes aflame with triumphant glee. "Where is that man now?" he almost shouted. "Keep cool," said Kilby. "It is only rumor. Anyhow, the man, whatever his name and likeness, is here in Inverloch, too sick to be moved. But the chances are against—"

The dominie waved an impatient, imperative hand. Poor dominie! He was moving in a dream. Sir James Dalgleish was he! A grand name for a Scot! And he was the King's friend, the King's guardian, the King's adviser—Sir James Dalgleish, the King's— "Hush, child!" said he. A little troubled crowd appeared on Margaret's brow. It was a momentary dread of—she knew not what. But it passed as she looked at her father and understood. She seemed to hear, with him, the tread of the clanking feet, the roll of the drums and the fierce slogan of the pipes. What could withstand the wild men of the mountains—the men who had fought England's battles for her? What could England do against the Highlanders when they thundered across the border with the rightful King of Scotland at their head—the immortal Charlie who would come and "come again" until the house of Hanover was crumbled in ruin! The dominie suddenly halted and listened. Through walls and closed doors came the voice of a fiddle, played by no novice. It was an old lament which presently passed into a lively Scotch reel. Dalgleish looked at his daughter, and the tears leaked in his eyes. He waved his hand to her and marched to the fiddle door, where he paused long enough to give a respectful knock. "Come in!" cried a gay voice. Jamie entered. Then he stood for a moment, a moment of indecision. The last doubt in the schoolmaster's mind was wiped out, never to return. The personage before him was—could be no other than—the King of Scotland! Casimir, translating the expression of the dominie's face correctly, entered into the spirit of the moment. He laid aside the fiddle and folded his arms. Margaret, running to her father's side in answer to his summons, saw her prince come again to his own land, his own people, his own costume. The royal kilt half revealed a pair of straight, slender limbs, with bare, clean-shaven knees. The royal tartan, falling from his broad shoulders to his knees, imparted a dash of grace to the tall figure, while the gleaming buttons, dirk-hilt, and the caldorm stone added to that color which is unrivaled in the Stuart line. Over the refined face with the little mustache and the imperial chin-spot a bonnet of blue, with a white clasp on the left side of it. Margaret's eyes traveled over the man from his buckled shoes to the clasped bonnet. Then she rushed to the front room. In a minute she came panting back. Brushing her rapt father aside, she ran to Casimir. His face beamed with astonishment at her impetuosity. She saw it, and came to a halt before him, a confused blush on her bonnie face. In her hand she carried a pair of black-clothed feet. Casimir instinctively took the bonnet from her hand, mistaking the action, held out her hand to take it. He looked at her questioningly. Then he saw what she wanted. Her fingers trembled as she fastened the arching feathers in the silver clasp. Presently she lifted her eyes to his and held out the bonnet. A swift change came over the man's face as she curtsied low. "No!" he exclaimed. "It is I who—"

Miss Williams and Miss Merriam To Attend Convention at Baltimore

They Will Be Guests Each Day of Mrs. Norman E. Mack.

Miss Dorothy Williams and Miss Laura Merriam will be among those going over from Washington each day to attend the convention in Baltimore next week. They will be the guests each day of Mrs. Norman E. Mack, wife of the chairman of the convention.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. W. K. Van Rye, U. S. N., retired, and their son-in-law and daughter, Baron and Baroness Serge Korff, have closed their Washington residence and have gone to New England to spend the summer. Baron and Baroness Korff came to this country to attend the recent International Red Cross conference, and while the baron delivers a series of lectures, the baroness will visit her parents.

The Commandant of the Narragansett Bay Naval Station and Mrs. William B. Caperton, U. S. N., inaugurated their hospitalities for the season last night by giving a dinner for army and navy guests at their quarters at the naval training station at Newport.

In the party were Capt. William L. E. Rodgers, president of the Naval War College, and his sister, Miss Rodgers; Capt. William B. Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher; Medical Inspector Francis N. Nash and Mrs. Nash; Capt. Thomas F. Dwyer, of Fort Adams, and Mrs. Dwyer, and Miss Margaret Caperton. The American Beauty roses formed the decorations and coffee was served in the palm room and veranda, from which the guests could view the magnificent moonlight panorama of Narragansett Bay.

Captain and Mrs. Caperton, who recently left Washington for the former's new post, are figuring conspicuously in the festivities of the season at Newport. Several entertainments have been given in their honor, including a luncheon, which Mrs. Stuart Duncan gave for Mrs. Caperton yesterday. Mrs. Caperton was one of the most popular debutantes of the season in Washington last winter.

Miss Weir and Mr. Heil Married.

The marriage of Miss Katherine T. Weir and Ernest P. Heil took place last evening at 6 o'clock at St. Mary's Catholic Church, the Rev. John P. Roth, the pastor, assisted by the Rev. Andrew Mihm, assistant pastor, officiating. A large gathering of relatives and friends of the young couple attended the ceremony, and the reception which followed at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Heil, of 3212 H street.

Miss Ellen Lemly will leave Washington about the 1st of July to join a camping party in the Catskills.

Mrs. S. L. Hinkle will leave Washington Wednesday to spend the summer with relatives in Fairfax county, Va.

Mrs. Jefferson M. Kean, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Kean, U. S. A., will leave Washington early in July for Woodbury Forest, near Orange, Va., where she will spend the summer. She will be joined for brief visits during the summer by Colonel Kean.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Karriek and their family are closing their residence in Bancroft place about the first of next month and will go to Thompson Point, Lake Champlain, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Kerr will leave Washington early in August for the Adirondacks, where they will spend the remainder of the season.

Miss Ellen King has closed her apartment in the Connecticut, and has gone to Massachusetts for the summer.

Mrs. Ordway and her granddaughter, Miss Valerie Padelford, will close their apartment in Stoneleigh Court the last of this month, and will go to the Virginia White Sulphur Springs for the summer.

Miss Ellen Lockett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Lockett, will leave Washington early in July for Green Lake, Wisconsin. She will then go with Mrs. Andrew Bradley to Virginia White Sulphur Springs for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. McCain, wife of Colonel Henry P. McCain, U. S. A., will leave Washington early in July for Green Lake, Wisconsin, where she expects to spend the summer. Colonel McCain will probably join her later in the summer.



PHOTO © G.V. BUCK
MISS MALVINA DE PENA.

Envoy to Spend Summer on Coast

Two interesting members of the younger diplomatic set who will be prominently identified with the social life at Magnolia, Mass., this summer are Miss Maria Carlota de Pena and Miss Malvina de Pena, daughters of the Minister of Uruguay and Mme. de Pena.

The legation of Uruguay will be established at that resort again this summer, after a successful season last year, and the Misses de Pena will accompany their parents thither at the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson are spending a few days at the Muenchings-King, Newport, while making a selection of a cottage for the summer. They will make a brief trip to Europe before the Newport season reaches its height.

Senator and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge have gone to New York, and are spending a few days at the Hotel Belmont.

The Costa Rican Minister and Senora de Calvo and their family will leave Washington about July 1, for Seal Harbor, Me., where they will spend the summer.

Captain Vassili, naval attaché of the Russian embassy, is in New York for a few days, after a trip to Newport, where the embassy is to be established for the summer.

Count de Chambrun, military attaché of the French embassy, and Countess de Chambrun, who are now in the West, will sail from New York June 25, for France.

Admiral and Mrs. George Dewey, U. S. N., will leave Washington Wednesday for their summer home at Woodstock, Vt.

Franklin K. Lane will return to Washington this afternoon from Chicago, where he and Mrs. Lane have spent the last week, attending the Republican convention. Mrs. Lane is expected to come back to Washington Sunday.

Mrs. Lehr, wife of Dr. Louis Lehr, will leave Washington July 3, to spend a month with her mother, Mrs. Conrad, at her home in Worthington Valley, near Baltimore, Md. Mr. and Mrs. Lehr will go to Canada and the Adirondacks for the latter part of the season.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

THE KNIGHT OF THE FIRE.

THE big wagon creaked wearily over the prairie toward the wooded hills that rose in the distance. In it were Mrs. Elder, the baby and most of the furniture the family was bringing West, where they expected to make their home among the seekers for gold.

In the second wagon was the big brother, who had charge of the heavy furniture, and followed in the path just behind the large wagon. On the seat of the first one sat little Clarence, beset by a host of tiny, mischievous, sweep over the long grass and the clouds chase each other over the vast sky. Though only eleven, Clarence had worked hard since a baby. Yet this had not prevented him spending a great deal of time in reading about fairies, giants and brave knights with golden shields who saved beautiful ladies from bad dragons. And now the great

GUIDING THE FRIGHTENED HORSES IN THEIR MAD LEAPS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE



wish of his heart was to be a knight—a real knight with plumed helmet, a shining lance and a horse that leaped over castle walls. But there was not much chance here among the prairies and hills for knights and dragons, and though the wagon lumbered on slowly. Suddenly, there was a cry from Robert, the big brother, and looking back Clarence saw that he had fallen from his seat and was unable to rise. In a moment Mr. Elder was at his side and saw that the young man, who had fallen asleep while driving, had broken one of his ribs when he tumbled to the ground. So the little wagon was unloaded, the brother placed on a mattress and the father started off at once with him to the town, twenty miles away.

"You can't here till I return day after tomorrow," explained Mr. Elder before leaving. "I will be back by then. There is a water hole at the foot of that hill," and he pointed out the spot to Clarence. The boy fed the team, built a fire, and, taking one of the horses, rode for water.

CLARENCE ELDER.
The Knight of the Fire.

Tomorrow. The Blacksmith and the Troll.

FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

What Is Seen in The Shops

BY THE SHOPPER.

It is a distinctly unpleasant sensation, to say the least, to see oneself walking up the street toward one, or to be compelled to sit near a perfect stranger clad like a twin, in exactly the same kind of a dress that one is wearing. This state of affairs is the main objection almost everyone has to wearing ready-made dresses, but the trouble could be avoided with little effort. Removing a few buttons, or unnecessary trimming, setting in a new yoke, or adding a touch of a different material will often so change a dress that it is entirely individual. Colored dresses are harder to change than white ones, and therefore it is better to buy white if possible unless the colored dress lends itself particularly to the addition of some other tone.

Women's and Misses' white lingerie of fine lawn, white dresses of voile with imitation cluny insets and insertion, and daintily colored gowns of dimity, are on sale at half price in a woman's furnishing store on F street between Thirteenth and Twelfth. Embroidered lawn dresses are \$3.50, voile dresses, made in the latest styles with high waists and both low and high necks, are \$3.50, and the dimity dresses, plain with button trimmings and embroidered collars and cuffs, are selling for \$4.50. These dresses are well made and just a few touches are required to make them distinctive. House dresses are \$1.50.

The silver vanities carried, are unnecessary, now that the large linen handbags are in fashion. Toilet articles such as powder papers, or soap papers, chamols, mirrors, etc., can be easily slipped into the bag. A nail file or orange stick, a large comb, a hairbrush, always needed, but will poke through the bag if the sharp end is left exposed. At a shoe store on F street, near Thirteenth, are some cuticle knives with handles of Parisian ivory and orange wood, made into sticks for the nails. These knives are 25 cents apiece and a convenient length, and at any stationers, small shelves, that are used to protect the end of a pen or pencil in the pocket, may be bought for a few cents. Fasten one on either end of the orange stick, one covering the cuticle knife and the other, the nail cleaner, and a handy cuticle, cleaner and cuticle knife is provided.

There are some new vellings to be had on the first floor of a department store, on Eleventh street, near F. They are in green, with a large open net, close net of dark blue, white embroidered net, and black lace. Although not very long, the vellings in these styles, that are of closer net, are excellent for motorizing. They range in price, from \$1 to \$3.

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